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TEMPLE

OF

DEATH,

A

POEM.

By the Right Honourable the
Marquis of NORMANBY:
A Translation out of *French*.

With an ODE in Memory of Her late
Majesty Queen MARY.

By a Person of Quality.

——— Poema
Est Pictura loquens.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryars, near
the Water-side. 1709.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
DEATH
PROPHECY

By the Right Honorable
Lords of NORFOLK

and of
MILKES

By a Poet of the
17th Century

London
Printed by W. B. at the
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THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;

A dreadful Vale lies in a Desert Isle,
Which indulgent Heaven did never smile.

Here a thick Grove of Aged Cypress Trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,

To its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives;

And here are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Season there.

Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,

And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;

Whose Streams oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,

And as the World it self, which it commands:

Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
 Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.
 There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave
 The Young, the old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
 Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplore
 Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors ;
 All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
 The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode ;
 And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,
 With Clouds of Smoak increase the dismal Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,
 The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.
 Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath
 A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.
 The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes,
 Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice ;
 The adjoining Places where the Altar stood,
 Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* Blood.
 When griev'd *Orontes*, whose unhappy Flame
 Is known to all that e'er converse with Fame ;
 His Mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
 Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer :
Great Deity ! Who in thy Hands do'st bear
 That trusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear ;
 Who wanting Eyes, thy self respectest none,
 And neither spares the Laurel, nor the Crown !
 Oh thou, whom all Mankind in vain withstands !
 Each of whose Blood must one day stain thy Hands

thou, who every Eye which sees the Light,
 arest again in an Eternal Night !
 open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,
 to which thy only Power can give Relief :
 come not hither to prolong my Fate,
 but with my wretched Life a shorter Date ;
 and that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
 this Wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side :
 that from the sight of Day I could remove,
 and might have nothing left me but my Love.
 Thou only Comforter of Minds oppress'd,
 the Port, where wearied Spirits are at Rest ;
 conductor to *Elysium* ! take my Life ;
 my Breast I offer to thy Sacred Knife :
 just a Grace refuse not, nor despise
 my willing, though a worthless Sacrifice.
 Others their frail and mortal State forgot ;
 before thy Altars are not to be brought
 without Constraint ; the noise of dying Rage ;
 heaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,
 the Blade all reeking in the Gore it shed,
 with sever'd Arms confus'dly spread,
 the Rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
 the Groans of Wretches ready to expire :
 this Tragick Scene makes them in Terror live,
 still that is forc'd which they should freely give,
 yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
 their Fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.
 Before thy Face they make indecent Moan,
 and feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one ;

The flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast;
 And he a Murtherer, who was a Priest;
 His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,
 By which the Body does the Soul detain:
 But against me thy strongest Forces call,
 And on my Head let all the Tempest fall;
 No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,
 And calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
 My Limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
 Complaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.
 Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
 That universal Cure for every grief,
 Whose Aid so many Lovers oft have found,
 With like success can ever heal my wound;
 Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art;
 Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart.
 And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,
 Learn the extreamest rigor of my Fate.
 Amidst th' innumerable beauteous Train,
Paris the Queen of Cities, does contain,
 The fairest Town, the largest, and the best,
 So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.
 From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
 Was of our Youth the most ambitious aim;
 Her Chains were marks of Honour to the brave,
 She made a Prince whene'er she made a Slave.
 Love under whose Tyrannick power I groan,
 Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown;
 Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look;
 Their first assurance from my Conquest took,

y wounding me, she learnt the fatal Art,
 and the first sigh she had, was from my heart;
 My Eyes with Tears moist'ning her snowy Arms,
 tender'd the Tribute owing to her Charms:
 But as I soonest of all Mortals paid
 My Vows, and to her Beauty, Altars made;
 So among all those Slaves that sigh'd in vain,
 she thought me only worthy of my Chain.
 Love's heavy Burthen, my Submissive Heart
 Endur'd not long, before she bore her part;
 My violent flame melted her frozen Breast,
 and in soft Sighs her Pity she exprest;
 Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
 And her fair hands sustain'd me in my Chains;
 Even Tears of Pity waited on my moan,
 And tender Looks were cast on me alone.
 My hopes and dangers were less mine, than hers;
 Those fill'd her Soul with Joys, and these with Fears:
 Our hearts united, had the same desires,
 And both alike, burn'd in impatient Fires.
 Too faithful Memory! I give thee Leave
 Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive;
 Make me not once Possessor of her Charms;
 Let me not find her languish in my Arms;
 Past Joys are now my Fancies mournful Theams;
 Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams:
 Let not that Bliss before my Eyes be brought:
 Oh! hide those Scenes from my tormenting Thought,
 And in their place, disdainful Beauty shew,
 If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so;

And something to abate my deep Despair,
 Oh, let her seem less Gentle, or less Fair.
 But I in vain, flatter my wounded Mind,
 Never was Nymph so lovely or so Kind:
 No cold Repulses, my Desires suppress,
 I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* Breast;
 Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,
 I only felt Excess of Love and Joy:
 Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense, and they
 Were as my Love, without the least Allay.
 As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
 For like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.
 From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Light'ning came,
 Which breaks thro' Darknes with its glorious Flame:
 A while it shines, a while our Sight it cheers,
 But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears;
 And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage,
 None can withstand, and nothing can assuage.
 So oft the Light which those bright Flashes gave,
 Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had just begun Loves's Joys to taste,
 (Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers past)
 A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
 The richest Work that ever Nature wrought.
 All Things below, alas, uncertain stand;
 The firmest Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand:
 Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,
 And no Beginning is without an End.

Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all;
 And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall:
 Time, whose bold Hand alike does bring to Dust
 Mankind, and all those Powers in which they trust.

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint;
 And in her Heart, as in a Fort, remains,
 But yields at last to her resistless Pains:
 Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
 Through all her Veins makes his delightful Way;
 For Fate's, like *Semile's*, the Flames destroy
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
 Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade;
 Her Skin has lost that Lustre which surpass
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last;
 Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts;
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.
 The Fever every moment more prevails;
 Its Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails;
 She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,
 Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,
 And with loud Cries will rend the neighb'ring Air,
 Wounds my sad Heart, and wakens my Despair.
 Both Gods and Men I charge now with my Loss,
 And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other cross;
 My

My Heart and Tongue labour in both extreame,
 That sends up flighted Prayers, while this blasphemes
 I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
 And mingle Sacrilege with Piety :
 But that which does yet more perplex my mind,
 To love her truly, I must seem unkind :
 So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
 I must restrain unruly floods of Tears.
 My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,
 I shew a calmness in the midst of Storms,
 I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
 And almost dead, with Grief, discover none.
 But who can long deceive a loving Eye,
 Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die ;
 When Passion had with all his Terrors brought
 Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
 Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
 And shew'd a fighting heart in weeping Eyes,
 My apprehensions now no more confin'd,
 Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
 The fair afflicted, *Soon* perceive my Tears,
 Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my Fears ;
 With sad Presages of her hopeless Case,
 She reads her Fate in my dejected Face ;
 Then, feels my torment, and neglects her own,
 While I am sensible of hers alone ;
 Each does the others burden kindly bear ;
 I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear ;
 Though we thus suffer under Fortune's Darts,
 'Tis only those of Love which reach our hearts.

Mean-while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
 Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears:
 Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
 Like Wind and Oyl increase the fatal fire.

Almeria, then, feeling the Destinies
 About to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,
 Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand,
 And with these words, I scarce could understand;
 Her Passion in a dying Voice express'd
 Half, and her Sighs alas, made out the rest.
 'Tis past; this pang, Nature gives o'er the strife;
 Thou must thy Mistress lose, and I my Life;
 I dye, but dying thine, the Fates may prove
 Their Conquest over me, but not my Love;
 Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,
 In spite of death it self, shall still remain:
 Ah! Dear *Orentes*, my hard Fate denies
 That hope is the last thing which in us dies:
 From my griev'd Breast all those soft thoughts are fled,
 And Love survives, although my hope is dead;
 I yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,
 And can all thoughts but of *Orentes* quit;
 My flame increases as my strength decays,
 Death, which puts out the Light, the heat does raise;
 That still remains, though I from hence remove,
 I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.
 The Sigh, which sent forth that last tender Word,
 Up towards the Heaven's like a bright *Meteor* soar'd,

And

And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms;
 Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms;
 Which shews, since Death could deny him Relief,
 That 'tis in vain we hope to die with Grief.

Goddess, who now my Fate has understood,
 Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood;
 Here let me end the Story of my Cares,
 My dismal Grief enough the rest declares.
 Judge thou by all this Misery display'd,
 Whether I ought not to implore thy Aid:
 Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws,
 And my sad Wishes have too just a Cause.

Come, then, my only Hope; in every Place
 Thou visitest, Men tremble at thy Face,
 And fear thy Name; once let thy fatal Hand
 Fall on a Swain, that does the Blow demand.
 Vouchsafe thy Dart: I need not one of those,
 With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose;
 Thy weakest, my desir'd Release can bring,
 And free my Soul already on her Wing.
 But since all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try,
 If, spight of thee, 'tis possible to die.

A N
O D E

In Memory of Her MAJESTY
Queen MARY.

I.

LONG our divided State
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate;
When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dis-
And all the Grievs of *Albion* heal'd. [pell'd
Her the united Land obey'd,
No more to Jealousies inclin'd,
Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.
She knew her Task, and nicely understood
To what intentions Kings are made,
Not for their own, but for their Peoples good :
'Twas that prevailing Argument alone,
Determin'd Her to fill the vacant Throne.
And yet with Sadness she beheld
A Crown devolving on her Head,
(By the Excesses of a Prince misled)
When by her Koyal Birth compell'd

To

To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
 (Tho' by a Servile Faction blam'd)
 How graceful were the Tears she shed!

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
 Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was arm'd :
 Here ruling Arts in all their Lustre shin'd,
 The Winds themselves were by her Influence charm'd
 Whilst her Authority and Care supply'd,
 That Safety which the want of Troops deny'd.
 Secure and undisturb'd the Scene
 Of *Albion* seem'd, and like her Eyes, Serene :
 Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge and Pride ;
Maria Reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side.
 The Sceptre by her self unsought,
 Gave double Proofs of her Heroick Mind ;
 With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd :
 So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,
 Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,
 And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
 Accurst Disease, how long
 Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
 Rob'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age?
 From the unhappy Lover's side,
 How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride!
 Now like a Tyrant rising by degrees
 To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies.

Practis'd

'tis'd in Ruin for some * Ages past,
 Thou hast brought forth a gen'ral one at last !
 Common Disasters, Sorrow raise,
 That Heav'n's severest Frowns amaze !
 The QUEEN—a Word, a Sound,
 Nations once the Hope, and firm Support ;
 Health of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,
 The Joy of all, the wisest and the best ;
 Name that Ecchoes did rebound
 With loud Applause from Neighb'ring Shores,
 Their Admiration, the Delight of ours)
 Comes unutterable now !
 The Crowds in that deserted Court
 Where languishing *MARIA* lay,
 Want Power to ask the News they came to know ;
 Silent, their drooping Heads they bow :
 Hence it self proclaims the approaching Woe.
 When He (*MARIA*'s latest Care)
 Whom Winter-Seasons nor † contending *Jove*,
 Nor watchful Fleets, could from his glorious Purpose
 Move,
 Strepid in the Storms of War,
 And in the midst of flying Deaths sedate,
 Now Trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty
 Weight,
 The Hero to the Man gives way.

IV.

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
 To fierce Diffention, or Despotick Sway.

*The small-Pox is said to have Reign'd in England about 250 Years.
 Foul Weather.*

Re-

Redeem'd from Anarchy to be undone
 By the mistaken Measures of the Throne;
 Thy Monarchs meditating dark Designs,
 Or boldly throwing off the Masque,
 (Fond of the Pow'r unequal to the Task)
 Thy self without the least remaining Sings
 Of ancient Virtue so deprav'd
 As even they wish'd to be enslav'd :
 What more than Humane Aid
 Could raise thee from a State so low,
 Protect thee from thy self, thy greatest Foe?
 Something Celestial, sure a Heroine
 Of matchless Form, and a majestick Mein ;
 By all respected, fear'd, but more belov'd,
 More than her Laws, her great Example mov'd :

The Bounds that in her God-like Mind,
 Were to her Passions set, severely shin'd,
 But that of doing Good was unconfin'd.
 So Just, that absolute Command,
 Destructive in another Hand ;
 In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful made
 Oh ! had she longer staid !

Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd,
 For her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung :
 Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aspir'd
 To a more lofty and immortal Song.

F I N I S.